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CANADIANA

General * James * A. * Garfield *

PRESIDENT

— OF THE —

UNITED STATES.

— ♦ —
A * POEM

— ♦ —
JAMES A GARFIELD

Of humble parentage, commenced life a POOR BOY, engaged as a CANAL HAND and as a CLERK, soon became a STUDENT, next a TEACHER, a PROFESSOR, then PRESIDENT OF A COLLEGE ; was chosen STATE SENATOR, volunteered to be a SOLDIER, was made a BRIGADIER GENERAL, promoted to MAJOR GENERAL, elected to U. S. CONGRESS where he showed himself a STATESMAN and became a RECOGNIZED LEADER, and subsequently elected PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. His RISE in the world was NAPOLEONIC. He climbed to the PINNACLE OF FAME by herculean ENERGY and indomitable WILL supported by INFLEXIBLE INTEGRITY.

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PRESIDENT GARFIELD,
—OR—
HOW THE SON OF A BACKWOODSMAN,
—BECAME—
—PRESIDENT—
—OF THE—
UNITED STATES.

—♦♦♦—
A POEM
—♦♦♦—

Like brilliant beacon on some headland bold,
His fame shall shine adown the stream of time,
And many time toss'd spirits shall look up,
And courage take anew, when they behold
The lambent flame, and grateful thank high Heaven
That such a man as James A. Garfield lived.

—♦♦♦—
GUELPH:
Frederick William Johnson, Publisher.
1881.

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STANDARD

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one by William Johnson, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

I sing a man, who, born in low estate,
Amid the wildwoods of America ;
Rose step by step, by dint of honest toil
And force of will, until he reach'd the top
Of towering ambition's highest peak—
Whence he surveyed the mighty commonwealth—
Beneath him and around him on all sides.

His early poverty, his school boy days,
His first essays at doing for himself,
His farm work and exploits on a canal,
His service as a clerk, his teaching school—
Attending an academy and then
A college, where he graduated well ;
His professorial work, his college life,
His presidency of a thriving college,
His noble efforts in the cause of truth,
His pulpit teachings, thrilling eloquence,
Within the Senate of his native state—
And warrior life when given a high command,
His wondrous influence over other men,
The martial fire he kindled in his troops—
The iron discipline he exercis'd ;
His famous victories in bloody fields,
His congress life so singularly wise,
His brilliant speeches in his country's cause,

His elevation to the White House, where
 His pure administration he began ;
 His fall by vile assassin, his death bed,
 His patience, fortitude and resignation ;
 His death and funeral ; the sympathy
 Of all the English speaking nations, and
 Of many other peoples. Britain's Queen,
 The good Victoria and her court in weeds.
 Flags at half-mast in every seaport round
 The globe ; bus'ness suspended everywhere ;
 The great world's pause to look into his grave,
 The secret of this world-wide sympathy :
 The lessons we may learn—such be my theme.

In sixteen thirty-six from Chester came,
 One Edward Garfield, and he settled down
 In Watertown in Massachusetts. There
 He lived and died, and there his bones repose,
 He and five lineal descendants. All
 Brave tillers of the soil—a sturdy race
 Of independent men, and of Jehovah
 The humble worshippers. Content with what
 Kind Providence assign'd them they aspired
 To nothing higher than to till the soil.

-From Chester Edward came, or near that place
 But whether Wales or England was his home
 Tradition does not say. But it does say,
 That, on the ocean passage out, he fell
 In love with a fair, blooming German maid,
 And, honest man, he married her. 'Tis this
 Explains the German cast of countenance,
 Which all the Garfields have. James used to say,

"England is not the fatherland of all
The English speaking people. Their real home
And their real fatherland is Germany."

Of Edward's family no records tell.
Oblivion covers all their hidden fate.
In "seventy-six," however, one of them,
One Solomon by name, took him to wife
A Sarah Stimson, and remov'd to Weston,
In the same State. His brother Abram too
Bore arms in favor of the Colony,
And fought at Concord. James' great grandfather,
Was this same Solomon, who in the war
Of the old Revolution fought. But all
He won was glory. Being poor he mov'd
His growing family to Worcester,
Otsego county in New York. There he
Took up a farm and hew'd him out a home.
Thomas his son, begat Abram who was
The obscure father of the President,
About the first year in this century.
Thomas sickened and died, leaving a young
And tender family to battle with
Adversity. So sickened also Abram
His son, and died like as his father, when
In early wedded life. The orphan boy
Was taken by his father's friend, James Stone,
Of West Hill, and by him rear'd as his own.
The lad grew up to manhood, good and true—
Was tall, broad shoulder'd, strong of sinew, large
Of body and of bone. But like his peers
He show'd no mark'd superiority
Of mind over the youthful ploughmen of
His time. In his large brain no doubt there slept
An undevelop'd force which circumstances

Failed to call forth, else he had been a king
Of men—a nat’ral leader of mankind.
But fetter’d by the iron links of fate,
This force in him awoke not. To his grave
He went with hands harden’d by honest toil,
But he was long remembered as a man
Of sterling character, of kindest heart
And broadest mind, and wise beyond his years,
And showing knowledge. He had deeply thought
On many subjects worthy of his mind,
And of all thinking beings. Early he
Became attached to one Eliza Ballou,
A near relation to a great divine
Of the same name. This woman in due time,
Became the mother of the President,
Who by her was related to that race
That gave so many noble orators,
To pulpit, bench and bar. Tradition says
They are descended from a Huguenot,
Who fled from France upon the Revocation
Of the Edict of Nantes, and who, joining
The infant colony of Roger Williams,
Settled in Cumberland, Rhode Island. There
They built “The Elder Ballou meeting house,”
A structure still remaining. There were taught
The stirring doctrines of the Reformation
With rarest eloquence. From this pulpit,
The Ballous preach’d, to many generations,
The truths of Scripture, and defiance hurl’d
Against the bloody tyrants of old France.
’Tis often said that great men are the sons
Of mothers great, and sure it is, that from

Eliza Ballou are deriv'd the most
Of the great qualities which his great son
Inherited. No doubt he owed his brain
And manly stalwart frame to his father,
But to his mother he was deep in debt
For energy untiring and for pluck
Unyielding, and for earnest, patient courage,
Which lifted him over all obstacles,
However great and formidable—and
Ones which would daunt the hearts of common men.

Upon the wall of Garfield's stately house
In Washington, there hung a portrait which
A stranger might mistake for that of Mary,
Mother of Washington. It had the same
Fine regular features—the same high, full
Forehead—the same serene and spiritual eyes,
Which have a sad intensity within
Their clear pellucid depths, and the firm lines
About the mouth reveal an energy
And depth of feeling not seen on the face
Of Mary Washington, to mem'ry dear.
This face declares that she has hop'd and fear'd,
And struggled in the conflict of her life,
And that the conflict over, she came off
Victorious. Eliza Ballou's face
It is, and it reveals that she has raised
Her son and largely made him what he was.
Her principles, drawn from the sacred page,
And personality, have moulded his
Fine character, and shaped his whole career ;
And the great deference he felt for her,
When yet a boy, clung to him all his life.

Her influence was to him, in his toils,
An inspiration and a presence, which
Braced all his nerves for highest, noblest deeds.
His parents were not wedded long ere they
Remov'd to fair Ohio, where they liv'd,
And on a little farm of eighty acres
Erected a log cabin and commenced
To turn the forest into well tilled fields.

It was a wood primeval. Settlements
Were few and far between. All else was wild.
His father there a hut of logs piled up,
Some twenty feet by thirty feet in size,
Rough logs they were, with rugged bark and moss
Beladen, and the door was plank swinging
Upon stout iron hinges—and the windows,
But three, and small at that—and the deal floor,
Hewn smooth with axe, and the roof overhead,
Covered with oaken clapboards held in place
By long weight poles. Between the mossy logs
Were chinks of wood, and every aperture
Was filled with clay. One wooden chimney rose
Alternate wood and mud, pyramidal
In shape. Tho' built of wood and mud, it was
A comfortable house. In summer cool
In winter warm. It held no second rank
To any other in the country side.
Within these humble walls was Garfield born,
In eighteen hundred thirty-one, and on
The nineteenth of November. At that time
His eldest sister was eleven years,
His brother nine, his second sister seven.
The child was named James Abram. Ere two years

Had pass'd, the father died. The manly form,
The strong, broad-breasted man who won the bread
These children ate, was borne out of the door,
And privately interred beneath the sod
Of his own wheatfield where he rests in peace.

Between her babes and stark starvation, she,
The mother, interposed her fragile arms ;
She threw them round her little household and
Bravely prepar'd to meet the wintry storms,
That fast were coming. On the winter came.
It was a cold, hard winter. She alone
With her four children in the wilderness,
Endur'd the rigors of that dismal time.
The snow lay deep o'er all the hills. The knots
Upon the trees exploded with the frost,
Like loud reports of muskets. Oft by night
She and her little ones could hear the wolves
Howling in concert wild around their hut,
And oft before the door the panther's wail
And moan, like infants' feeble wailing cries
Fell on her startled ear and frighten'd her.
Then would she closer to her draw her babes,
And ask the widow's God to be her Friend.

The dreary winter passed at length, and spring
Appear'd, but brought no weather fair for them.
She was not only poor, but deep in debt,
Which must be paid. This made the future dark
For stern adversity star'd in her face.
But this brave woman went to work. She sold
Some fifty acres of her scanty farm
And with her little children till'd the rest.
The older boy was Thomas, only ten

Years old. He hired a horse and plow'd and sow'd
A little field. His mother split the rails
And built the fences, handling well the axe,
But the great maul, erst swung by stalwart arms,
For her was far too heavy. She could raise
It to her shoulder, and when she did strike
Therewith, she reel'd and fell with ev'ry blow.
But on she struggled with her manly toil,
And soon the fences were complete and all
The little field was sown in order good.
Months had to pass ere harvest time came round,
And in the meantime she beheld dismay'd
Her stock of corn fast running low. So she
That ev'ning measur'd out the corn and made
An estimate of what the children ate,
And went to bed without her evening meal.
For weeks she did the same. But the children
Were young and growing, and their little mouths
Were larger than the measure she had taken,
So after a while she spar'd her dinner too.
One meal a day, was all she had, and she
A weak and fragile woman ! Think of this
Ye thankless daughters of a well fed age,
And let your pity reach the starving poor.

No wonder 'twas that by her children she
Rever'd and loved was as few mothers are.
Glad harvest came at last and famine fled,
And ne'er with hungry jaws look'd in again
Upon this lonely widow and her children.
Soon neighbours gather'd round the little farm,
And one was but a mile away, and oft
The lonely household was made glad by them.
For them she sew'd. For them her Thomas plough'd,

And, when he grew, one hir'd the lad to work
Upon his farm at twelve dollars per month,
And labor steady fourteen hours per day.
The lad worked like a man. His first month's pay
Twelve dollars told, he proudly carried home,
And to his mother gave. "Now mother," said
The lad, "the shoemaker can come and make
A pair of shoes for James." Poor little James,
The four year old, ne'er had a pair of shoes,
But winter in and winter out had gone
Bare-footed in the wilds the whole year round.
"And they, the girls and James must go to school."

Continued Thomas, for a school was then
Just started in a neighb'ring district. So
The shoemaker at length did come and make
The shoes and took part of his pay in board.

When all were duly shod, Mehetabel,
The eldest girl, took James upon her back,
And with her little sister by the hand,
She trudg'd to school. But Thomas wisely stay'd
At home to get the barn in readiness,
To thresh the wheat and shell the corn, and help
His mother force a living from the fields.
O noble boy ! thy name shall be rever'd
In all the ages, for unselfishness,
And true devotion to thy kin altho'
Thou did'st it all in loving privacy
And never sought or thought of public praise.
America may well be proud of youths
Like this. Of them she has full share, who rise
To man's estate and grapple with the world
Like giants, and are victors in the end.
So Thomas chose a life of humble toil--

Obscure that he might help his brother on,
In a career of honor nobly won,
And usefulness. So after all, great things
By Thomas were achiev'd. His fame shall shine
The brighter out of his obscurity
As stars shine brightest in the darkest nights.

The school house distant stood away from them
A good mile and a half. The grist-mill too
A log store with its dwelling. That was all.
The village was Chagrin Falls—an odd name.
But full of meaning, for 'twas said the man
Who built the welcome mill—a Yankee shrewd—
Did so in winter, when the stream was high,
But when the summer came the water went,
The falls stop'd falling and the mill stood still,
Hence disappointed, he gave it the name.

A mile and a good half away ! This was
Too far when roads were bad to carry James,
So he remained at home and learned to read
At mother's knee. He was a tiny boy,
Not five years old and only spelling words,
When he one day was spelling out the rhyme,
"The rain came pattering on the roof." "Why, ma,"
He shouted, "I have heard the rain do that
Myself." It then occurred to him that words
Did stand for thoughts, and all at once a new
World open'd up before his wond'ring eyes—
A world in which poor boys can live and think,
And act as well as rich ones, if not better,
For nearly all the deepest thinking of
The world for very many ages past,
Has been by poor boys done. In this new world

Of thought James gaz'd enraptur'd, and to ope
The door thereof, he zealous set to work.
A book was in his hand before he rose
From bed ; a book was in his hand by night,
When he would stretch himself upon the hearth
And by the light of flaming pine, spell out
The big words in " The English Reader," till
He had the greater part of it by heart,
Where it remained for use in after life.

The mother saw the child could not travel
So far to school, so she determined to
Bring near the school-house and give him a chance
To have an education. She offer'd a site
Upon her farm. The neighbors built the house.
Twas made of logs—twenty feet square in size,
With purcheon floor, slab roof, log benches with
No backs ! Rude structure and rude furniture !
But that rude house turned out the truest men
And women for the nation. Ere the fall
Arrived, the schoolmaster had come—a youth
Awkward, slab-sided, rough as bark on tree
And green as leaves. But under this rough garb
His head was cramm'd with knowledge, and his heart
With kindly feeling. He agreed to board
Around among the neighbors, and at first,
Was quarter'd at the little cottage, where
He tasted the corn bread of the widow,
And slept in the hay loft with her two boys.
He took a fancy to the younger one,
When trotting by his side to school first day,
And put his big hand on his head and said :
" If you will learn, my boy, you may grow up,

And be a Gen'ral." But the child knew not
The purport of the speech. But on that night,
His mother told him all about the red
And blue coats of the Revolution, and
Of big brass buttons and of epauletts,
That shone like silver, so he fancied it
Must be some grand thing, and he answer made,
"O, yes, sir, I will learn. I'll be a Gen'ral."

A standing rule it was in school that all
The pupils should sit still—not gaze around.
But James could never sit a moment still,
His restless nature made it quite a task
Beyond his pow'r. He tried to sit so still
And not look round, that it took all his thoughts,
So he neglected study and there were
No lessons learn'd. So after a few days
The teacher to his mother said, "I do
Not wish to grieve you, madam, but I fear
I can make nothing out of James. He won't
Sit still nor try to read or learn his book."

But he did grieve the woman. Not since death
Enter'd her door, had she so great a grief.
She only look'd upon the boy and said,
"Oh, James!" Two words alone were all she said,
But these like daggers went into his heart.
He thought he was a very naughty boy,
And that he had committed a great crime;
So burying his face deep in her lap,
He sobb'd out that he would be a good boy—
That he would sit so still and try to learn.
The teacher saw the sorrow of the child,

Which touch'd his heart. He tried him o'er again
But tried him on a very diff'rent plan.
He let the child move 'round at his own will,
So that before a fortnight pass'd, he said
What made the widow's heart rejoice. Said he,

"James is perpetual motion—but he learns!
There's none at school who learns so fast as he."

This heal'd the widow's sorrow, for she set
Her heart upon this boy becoming learn'd.
This restlessness was in the nature of
The lad; 'twas born in him and clung to him
All thro' his life. Each night when lying in
His narrow bed he would kick off the clothes,
And turning over half awake would say,
"Thomas, cover me up," which Thomas did.
So James made rapid progress in his books,
And when the term was over he receiv'd
"A Testament," by way of present, from
The teacher, intimating that he was
The smartest pupil in the school. He took
It home. The back-woods cabin held that night
The happiest mother on the continent.

So things progress'd. Thomas work'd on the farm,
Or for the neighbors for the ready cash,
And James did go to school. In his spare hours,
He help'd his mother at the heavy work,
Until he reached the age of twelve, what time
Thomas became of age. Wishing to earn
More than he could at home, he went away
To Michigan and work'd at clearing land.
Soon he return'd with seventy-five dollars,
All earned by rugged toil. Counting it out

Upon his mother's table, thus he spoke.
"Now, mother, you shall have a nice frame house."
For all these tedious years she spent her life
In this log cabin. So he cut the trees
Converted them to boards and gathered all
Things necessary for a handsome house.
His mother he declar'd must surely have
A comfortable home in time to come,
And soon a carpenter was hir'd, and they
All set to work upon it. James betook
Himself to work so well that the demure
Old joiner told him he was born to be
A carpenter. Hence 'rose ambitious thoughts.
He too like Thomas, would do something for
His mother. He would set up carpenter.
So for two years he worked at framing barns—
Assisted in erecting five or six,
And going to the school at intervals.
So he went clean thro' Kirkham's grammar, Pike's
And Adams' 'rithmetics, and Morse's old
Geography ; that wondrous book which says
That Albany's a city built of houses,
Which have their gable ends fronting the street.
With all this knowledge, he concluded he
Would make commencement in the world. But he
Somehow concluded that he would not be
A carpenter ; his rugged work on barns
Was not exactly suited to his taste,
And so he cast about for some pursuit
Well suited to his genius. One was not
Long time presenting itself to his view.
Ten mile's away there liv'd a certain man,
Black-salter by his trade ; his business thrrove.
He had a large establishment. It too

Was growing. This James saw, far he had built
A woodshed for this man, who spoke to him,
And all the current of his life was chang'd—
Diverted into one of those lost channels
Where water only flows, by fits and starts,
And then is stagnant, rotten, barren pools.
"You know to read, you know to write, you are
Well up in figures," said the man. "So stay
With me and keep my counts and tend my trade.
I'll find you and I'll give you every month
Your fourteen dollars." This to him seem'd large
Return, in form of wages, for his years.
So off that night he trudg'd to see his mother
And ask her sage advice. She flatter'd felt
That James was worth so much, but she had her
Misgivings at the occupation of
A salter for a world of wickedness,
She thought, lurk'd in between the buying and
The selling. But his reasoning overcome
Her scruples ; So he took the post and was
Prime Minister to a black-salter. He applied
To this pursuit the rules of grammar and
Arithmetic, and so he did it well.
Betimes the man would say, "You're a good boy
Keep on, and one of these fine days you'll have
A sal'try of your own and may be big
As our'n" And so he might, had he not fall'n
In with the salter's library. There first
He read "Sinbad the Sailor" and "The Lives
Of Em'nent Criminals," "The Pirate's Book"
And "Captain Marryat's Novels." Diff'rent far
From what he read at home. They roused his love
Of wild adventure. But he learned full soon
All is not gold that glitters ; nor is life
Romance. One day he chanc'd to hear himself

Mention'd as a servant in the family,
By one of them. This was too much for flesh
And blood to tolerate. So quickly up he climb'd
The rick'tty ladder to the hay mow loft,
His garments tied together and announc'd
To the black-salter that the establishment
Was to be less by a boy and a bundle.
The man entreated ard remonstrated
In vain. The outrag'd dignity could not
Be overlook'd. So home he went at once—
His little bundle slung over his back.
His mother welcom'd him with open arms
And with her blessing. "Providence," said she,
"Will open up some better way for you
My son," and Providence did guide him in
A way most unexpected, in its mode,
And in its own good time. At home again
His hands found no employment for a time.
At length he took a job of chopping wood ;
Some five and twenty cords in Newburg Township,
Near where the great commercial city stands,
Call'd Cleveland. Seven dollars was the hire.
From the hill top on which he plied his axe,
He could by looking north descry the lake
In all its slaty-blue and shining beauty.
Erie reminded him of what he erst
Had read in "The Pirate's Own Book," and in
"Sinbad the Sailor." The remembrance of
Which fir'd his young imagination. So
Doth poison sleep betimes harmless. But it
At length is rous'd and swells the veins and brings
On paroxisms of pain and certain death.
So he determined to embark upon

The ocean of the world and for himself
Shape out his destiny, where fortune lies
Within his reach upon the sparkling lake.
Then did he dream and chop and chop and dream,
Of finding wealth in wondrous valleys far
Beyond the wave, and time, with eagle wings,
Flew past most rapidly. Sev'n dollars was
He thought, too small a capital wherewith
To try adventures. So he next hir'd out
To work at haying and in harvest time.
The harvest over, home he went to tell
His mother of his plans to try a life
At sea. To her this was a heavy blow,
For she, poor woman, centred all her hopes
On his becoming learned, wise and great,
But, seeing he had set his heart upon it,
She quietly desisted and gave way ;
For she felt sure, that God would, in His own
Good time and way, reclaim him from the sea.
At length she gave consent that he might go
To Cleveland. But she stipulated that
He try to get some other work to do,
Much more respectable than sailor boy,
And so once more the lad, with bundle on
His back, and a few dollars in his purse,
Departed 'midst his mother's prayers and
God's blessings. On he walk'd the seventeen miles,
And weary, footsore, came to Cleveland just
At evening twilight. Soundly slept he all
That night, and after a warm breakfast, out
He stroll'd to view the city's streets and houses.
To him it seem'd surpassing great and grand,

So many houses ! Such grand buildings ! Such high
steeples !

He steeples never saw before, but small
And simple meeting-houses for plain folk.

All day he wander'd 'round seeking employ,
But no one wanted him. He said that he,
The honest lad, could read and write and sum
Up figures, and was laughed at for his pains.
He was advised to go back home and teach
A school or do some other honest work.

Night found him weary and footsore upon
The docks among the shipping. There he saw
A little fleet of sloops and schooners stand,
Thought he, "These are the ships so swift and strong,
That Captain Marryat glibly talks about,"
And visions crowd his brain of free sea life
More vividly than e'er before. He sat
On a pier head and gaz'd out on the lake—
The great lake smiling, foaming, rolling on,
In broken waves around. He ey'd it as
It crept upon the long white beach, and broke
Upon the shining stones, or mutter'd hoarse
Thunder on the dark rocks about the shore
And then he gaz'd at the white sails upon
The bosom of the lake, which seem'd like some
Huge birds skimming the white-cap surface of
The waters. He did not then think of what
His mother said to him in parting, nor
His mother's lonely cabin, nor of her
So lonely there ; perchance ev'en then on the look out
For her returning son. The lake and shipping
Sated his eyes and took up all his thoughts,
And he stept down upon the deck of one

Small swaying vessel, rocking with the surge.
It was a dirty schooner fore and aft,
With mildew'd sails and greasy, tarry deck,
And a low smoky cabin in the stern.
Some half-a-dozen noisy, drunken men
Were drinking, swearing, and carousing there—
Well nigh conceal'd by clouds of reeking smoke
Ascending from their pipes. He spoke a man
Upon the deck, if he could tell him where
The Captain was. The man replied that he
Would soon come up, and truly soon he did—
A drunken wretch with bloated face and clothes,
Faded and filthy, as a beggar's kit,
And swearing like a pirate. Modestly
He ask'd the brute, if he requir'd a hand.
When turning on him, drunken as he was,
He pour'd upon the lad a stream of oaths
And curses that shook him from head to foot.
This was the captain's answer. The poor boy
Was thunder struck and turn'd and walk'd away
Upon the pier to gather up his senses.
But this rebuff did not cure him of his
Great longing for the sea, nor exorcise
The demon that possess'd his plucky soul.
He thought within himself his country clothes—
Home-spun and rough, had made a bad impression
Upon the Captain, and he must rub off
All aspects of a landsman. He must start
At the beginning—at the lowest rung,
Of the sea ladder, for the quarter deck
Could not be trod but by successive steps
Upwards. So he would go to a canal
And there begin sea-faring life. From the
Canal promotion to the lake and thence

To the great ocean, was the new idea.
His cousin, Amos Letcher, had a boat
Upon the neighboring canal. To him
He'd go and seek employment. Amos did
Just at that moment need a lively boy
To drive the horses on the tow-path, and
He got that situation and became
Horse driver on the tow-path of the boat.
The skipper lik'd the boy—admir'd his pluck,
And gave him charge of two poor hide-bound nags.
He call'd him "Jim," and tells a truthful tale,
How "Jim" got tangled with another boat,
And was himself and horses pitch'd into
The river. He scarce got him out when he
Ask'd Jim what he was doing in the stream.
"Oh I was just taking my morning bath?"
He answer'd. "I had heard," the skipper said,
"A rumor that there was some outcome in
The lad, so I resolv'd to ask a few
Inquiry questions, and I told him so."
"Proceed," said Jim, "but don't ask too hard ones."
Jim answer'd all his questions and then turn'd
On him and asked him some he could not answer.
He felt like boys do when they raise a row
And said to Jim. "If you let me alone
I'll let you be. You have too good a head,
My boy, to be a wood chopper or horse driver.
And, Jim, you go to school just one term more,
Then you can get a common school and then
You can make anything you have a mind
Out of yourself." "Oh, do you think so, Captain?"
Replied the boy in meditative mood.
That night the boat arrived at Akron's locks,

And met a boat. Each claimed priority
To pass the locks and a free fight ensued
Between the stalwart crews. Then quickly up
Spake Jim. "See ! Captain, here ! Is that lock ours ?"
The captain said that it was not by law,
But he would take it anyhow. "No, we
Shall not," replied the lad. "And why not ?" asked
The skipper. "Why, it is not ours by right."
The captain shouted, "Boys, give them the lock."
The lock was giv'n and a low row suppress'd.

George Lee, the steersman, said to Jim next day,
"Why, Jim, what ails you ?" "Nothing ails me," said
The boy, "I better never felt than now."
"But why did you give up the lock last night ?"
"Because it was not ours." "O, Jim, you are
A coward ! you ain't fit to be a boatman.
You may succeed in chopping wood or you
May milk the cows. No man or boy is fit
For boating life who won't fight for his rights."

Jim made no answer. It was his first trip.
He did his work well and he was advanced
To post of bowman. This promotion came
Some thought because the skipper liked him well
For his great energy. He had nobly fought
A battle against grievous odds and came
Victorious off. One Murphy, a boat hand,
A big and burly fellow of five-and-thirty,
Was raging at the boy for throwing rope
Which chanc'd to knock the bully's hat off. Jim
Apologised in vain. In rage the brute
Rush'd on him with his head down, like a bull.
Jim nimbly stept aside and with his fist,
Dealt him a blow behind the ear that laid

Him prostrate. Ere he could rise up the boy
Had seiz'd him by the throat and had him at
His mercy. "Strike him, Jim," the skipper cried,
But Jim did not. The man arose and said
That he was sorry for his rage. Jim gave
His hand and they were evermore good friends.
This incident determin'd the debate
As to Jim's courage, and is often told
By the Ohio boatmen—how the lad
Of sixteen summers whipt the stalwart man !
This gave him rank among the watermen
Throughout the region and the greatest fame
Among his own associates. He work'd
On the canal and fourteen times he fell
Into the river. His last fall impress'd
His mind profoundly, chang'd his course of life,
Gave him a purpose and made him a man.

One rainy night he was called up to take
His turn upon the bow. He quickly rose
And came on deck. His eyes were heavy and
His head unsteady, not being well awake.
He saw a lock ahead, pick'd up a rope,
Began uncoiling it to aid the boat
Adown the lock. Slowly and sleepily
He handled it until it kink'd and caught
Within a narrow cleft in the deck's edge.
He gave a sudden pull but it held fast—
Another and a stronger pull and it
Gave way and sent him headlong overboard.
Down, down he went in the dark night and down
Into the river darker still. The boat
Mov'd on and left him to his fate among

The hungry fishes and the river eels.
He could not swim. No human help was near ;
He thought that God alone could rescue him,
And only by a miracle. As he went down
He said the little prayer his mother taught him.
Instinctively he clutch'd the rope beneath
The water and it tightened to his grasp.
He held it firmly, pull'd it hand o'er hand,
And drew himself on deck and was again
A living boy amongst the living men.
Another kink had caught another crevice and
Sav'd him ! What wrought this miracle ? Was it
His little childish pray'r ? He thought it o'er,
Or, was it his lone mother's pray'r that sav'd
Him from a wat'ry grave ? He did not know.
But long after the boat had passed the lock,
He stood there in his dripping clothes pond'ring
The question. Coiling it again he tried
To throw it once more in the crevice but
It would not kink again. It lost its cunning.
An hundred times he tried and failed each time.
Thought he, " I've thrown this rope one hundred times,
And, I suppose, might throw it thousands more,
And it would fail to catch the crevice. I conclude
There were at least for my poor life but one
Chance in a hundred, or a thousand, or
Ten thousand, and I might throw all my life
And it would fail to kink ! Against such odds
God only could have sav'd my precious life.
Therefore God deems it worth His saving and
If that is so I shall not throw away
My life in this mean occupation. I
Shall get an education like a man.

This sudden resolution made, he stood once more
Before the little cabin on the farm.

'Twas late at night; no stars did shine; the moon
Was down. A flick'ring light he saw within
The cabin and a female figure kneeling low
Before an open Book upon a chair,
In the lone corner of the little room.
She reading was but not the holy page,
Her eyes were looking upward as she said,
"But Thou, O Lord, a God full of compassion.
And gracious and long suffering, plenteous
In mercy and in truth. O turn unto
Me and have mercy on me. Give Thy strength
Unto Thy servant. Save the son of Thy
Handmaid. Shew me a token for my good."
And more she read which sounded like a pray'r
He enter'd put his arm around her neck and lean'd
His head against her bosom. What he said
Was known to her alone and to the angels.
'Twas one thing sure that 'ere beside his mother
He gave back to his God the life that God
Had giv'n—that God had spar'd by miracle.
And so the praying mother's words were heard
Above at God's great throne, and answer given.
And so sprang up the precious seed which in
The midst of toil and tears she planted well.

So James determined to amend his life,
But what that life should be he did not know.
His mother saw that, with the goodly seed
Which she had sown within his youthful heart,
Vile weeds were springing up, sown in his mind
By the bad books of the black-salter's house,

And they could not be weeded in a day.
She saw his rampant passion for the sea
As strong as ever when he would express
His longing for a free life on the ocean.
She gently disapprov'd the thought. With sweet
And winning words, she led his mind to aims
Far higher and to some extent succeeded,
But again and again, he would recur
To the free, jolly, rover, ocean life.
Poor boy! He did not see how at that time,
He much distressed his anxious mother's heart,
Nor did he e'en suspect the agony
His aimless words did cause her bleeding bosom.
But God took him in hand and what she could
Not do, He mercifully did for him—
Reserving him in His mysterious way
For a more honorable walk in life.
Exposure on the boat had sown the seed —
The poisonous seed of ague in his veins.
He was not long at home before he took
To bed with "ague cake" as neighbors call'd
The ill. An antiquated doctor came
And salivated him and kept the boy
Months on his bed until the calomel
Dissolv'd the "ague cake" within his side.

During those weary months, his mother car'd
For him with tender watchfulness, and when,
Wearied with long confinement, he would say
That he would like to go about again
And be at work—in her sweet quiet way
She would reply, "Oh you are sick, my son,
If you go back to the canal, I fear

You will be taken down again. I have
Considered it all over and it seems
To me that you had better go to school
This spring, and then, with a full autumn term,
You can conduct a common school yourself
Next winter. If you teach in winter and
Work on the lake or the canal in summer,
You will be busy all the whole year round.

Thus the wise woman lured him gently from
His mad infatuation, and on thought
What she propos'd seem'd to him not a bad
Suggestion. This he said to her and she replied,
"Your money's gone but Thomas and myself
Can raise you seventeen dollars upon which
You can commence a school. When that is spent
Perhaps you can contrive to pay your way."
The mother's arguments were seconded,
By a young man who taught the district school,
Bates was his name. He came to see the boy.
He had attended a large seminary
In the adjoining county, and his talk,
Soon fir'd the boy's ambition, and he then
Gave up idea of sailor life and listen'd to
His mother's wishes as to teaching school.
On this fully determin'd, but he was
Not clear as to what calling he would choose.
He knew he could make a mechanic, or
A merchant, but he doubted if his brain
Was fit to suit a lawyer, or a scholar,
Or could make him a preacher, for it was
To one of these his mother pointed him.
So he concluded he would ascertain
So far as possible his mental calibre,

And see for what pursuit he was fitted
 By natural ability. So he
 Consulted Doctor J. P. Robinson,
 A prominent physician in Bedford.
 The doctor on a visit was away
 Attending to a patient. Thither went
 The impetuous lad. It was a pretty house—
 The residence of President Hayden,
 Of Hiram College. Thither he repair'd
 And sought an interview. The home-spun boy
 Was poorly clad. His trousers satinet
 Were far too small, and reached but half way down
 His cowhide boots. A waistcoat much too short,
 A thread-bare coat, whose sleeves went scarce beyond
 His elbows. On his head a coarse slouch'd hat,
 Which he remov'd to make obeisance, and
 Display'd a heavy shock of yellow hair,
 That fell half way adown his shoulders. The
 Good doctor welcom'd to his presence there
 This wonderfully awkward boy, who bore
 Withal a sort of independant air
 About him. "Who are you." The doctor ask'd.
 "My name is Garfield, of Solon," he said.
 "Oh ! Ah ! I know your mother, and knew you
 A babe in arms ; but you have far outgrown
 My knowledge, I am glad to see you." "Sir,
 I wish to see you all alone," said he
 The doctor led him to a quiet spot
 Hard by the house, and sitting on a log,
 They talked about what most concern'd the boy
 Who with becoming hesitation told
 His business. "You are a skilful man,"
 Said he, "and know the fibre that makes men ;

Examine me and tell me frankly, if
I'd better take a course of lib'ral study—
I contemplate so doing, such I wish.
But if I am to prove a failure, sir,
I do not wish to try it. If you say
I should not do so, I shall rest content.”
The doctor felt that he was on his honor,
The youth was on his trial. This new case
Demanded diagnosis different
From other cases, and requir'd great care.
He first examin'd the large head and found
Magnificent brain there ; sounded the lungs
And found them strong, then felt the pulse
And knew th' arterial engine working well,
That pumps the blood to feed the mighty brain.
In fifteen minutes he arose and said
“Go on, my boy, follow the leadings of
Your aims, and ever I shall be your friend.
You have a Webster's brain and a physique
That will support it in its giant work.
All you need do is work. Work hard. Do not
Fear overworking and you'll make your mark.”

These words gave resolution to the lad,
Dispell'd all wavering and gave him nerve
For time to come. It is advantage won
When a young man resolves to spend long years
In the accomplishment of certain work.
This point he gain'd. Thence forward for nine years,
Amidst innumerable difficulties,
This home-spun lad of only sixteen years
Pursu'd his purpose, till at twenty-five
He graduated with the highest honors
In an old eastern Institution.

He took the seventeen dollars offer'd him
The only money he had ever giv'n
Him to secure his education, which
Was fully not repaid; for how can son
Repay a mother for what she has done?
He took the seventeen dollars and set forth
Accompanied by an ambitious cousin,
And by another youth from a near village,
And, well supplied by his kind mother with
Pot, frying pan and dinner plates, he soon
Arrived at Chester, where the Academy
Was situate. The three rented a room,
In old unpainted buildings near the school,
And with their cooking implements, a few
Dilapidated chairs, loaned by a kind
Neighbor, and some straw ticks upon the floor,
They set up keeping house, and well they far'd.
Young Garfield's heart forthwith was in his work.
He studied hard, made rapid progress and
Distanc'd competitors who had enjoy'd
Superior advantages. Mornings
And evenings and Saturdays, he work'd
In workshops in the village and thus earn'd
Enough to pay his way when the seventeen
Dollars were spent. After this time he paid
His own expenses and needed no help
From home. He labor'd hard; his health was good,
His frame robust and so his mind was strong
In his strong body and he learn'd with ease.
For, by the double toil of body and
Of mind, he oil'd the human mechanism
So well that twofold labor only made
Him strong. When summer came he took a job

Of cutting wood—an hundred cords it was—
For five and twenty dollars. With this cash
He paid his board next session. It did cost
One dollar and six cents per week. The name
Of his landlady, Mistress Styles. She used
To tell that he had neither overcoat
Nor underclothing but a suit of clothes
Made of Kentucky jean. Towards the close
Of term his trousers were worn bare upon
The knees, and once while bending forward gave
Away. The rent was half around the knee,
Which stood exposed to view. He pinn'd the rent
Together and lamented that he could
Not buy another pair. She gave advice
That he should go to bed, and while asleep
She'd darn the rent, so that it still would do—
That he should never worry 'bout such trifles,
And that he should forget it when he got
To be the President. She lived to see
Her strange prediction well fulfill'd in him.
It was during his second term he met
Lucretia Randolph, daughter of a farmer—
A quiet, thoughtful girl, of very sweet
And cultivated mind, inclin'd to study
And to her books and withal she possess'd
A warm heart and maturity of thought.
'Twas many years before they were united
But from this date she influenc'd the boy,
Inspiring him to even harder work,
And to a firmer resolution to
Act well his manly part on the world's stage.
At this term's end he progress great had made
In English Grammar and Arithmetic
And Natural Philosophy, and in

The turbid depths of mystic Algebra.
And so he took a school and this he taught
Each day and steady work'd at carpentry
Morning and evening during vacation
And thus as seasons pass'd he continued
To pay his way at the Academy.
Thus labor'd he, by head and hand each year
And sav'd a handsome sum to help him thro'
A college course, on which he now resolv'd
To enter quickly should his life be spar'd.
After three years of work and study, he
Left the Academy and went to the
Eclectic Institute at Hiram, in
Old Portage County ; where he enter'd on
A higher course of study. This retreat
Of learning shall hence be connected with
His name. He was amongst the first students
Attending it, and it was said of him,
That when he came the busy College Board
Were sitting with clos'd doors, when the bell-man
Enter'd and said that there was a young lad
Who wish'd to see the Board without delay.
Admitted, he began, "Gentlemen, I
Desire to have an education. I
Would like the privilege of making fires
And sweeping floors to pay some part of my
Expenses." Then a venerable member said,
"Gentlemen, we had better try this youth."
Another member said, "How do you know
Young man, that you will suit the College Board?"
"Try me," said he, "try me two weeks, and if
It be not done to suit you ev'ry one,
I will retire without a word," They took
Him in and, so at seventeen years, he was

Install'd as janitor and bell-ringer.
He well perform'd his duty and he plied
His tasks with wondrous industry and had
A pleasant look and cheerful word for all.
A fellow student said long afterwards,
He was the most belov'd of all the youth
Attending there—good-natured always—fond
Of conversation and most entertaining,
Witty and quick at repartee. But all
His jokes were harmless as they were brilliant.
He never would in any way offend.
In course of time he was engag'd to teach
The English branches and succeeded well.
He was most entertaining—ready with
Apt illustrations and possessing pow'r
To waken up the pupils' interest
And make all things intelligible. In
Arithmetic he had some ninety boys
And there the interest never flagg'd. None thought
Of being unruly, or of shirking work.
To the dull pupils and the sensitive,
He was especially attentive, and,
By gentle words and aid, put them at ease
And gave them confidence. He car'd not much
For play or play-ground sports, but spent his time
Industriously and made the most of all
His opportunities. This he did well.
He at that time duly attended all
Meetings for pray'r and what he there expressed
Was interesting and expressive. He
Possess'd a native cordiality
Which quickly won esteem and favor. He
A happy habit had of shaking hands

And gripp'd so hearty that all felt he had
A large kind heart within his rugged breast.
He had withal an eye to earning money
So as to add a little to his store.
One of his gifts was mezzotintic drawing,
In which he gave instruction. Samples of
His skill in sketching birds and winter scenes
Are still extant. So well he work'd that all
Teachers and pupils were in the habit
Of calling him "The Second Webster," and
Remark was common he would occupy
The White House yet. In the Lyceum he
Excell'd all others as a speaker and
Debater. When he laid aside his books
He was the life of all the conversation.
At times raising his voice in eloquence,
At sight of bird or trailing vine, or trees,
The venerable giants of the wood.
He would repeat long strains of poetry,
And revel in imagination's flights.
'Twas the belief of all who knew him, that
He was a man who never could be bought
Or sold, but deem'd his honor as his life.
While at this College and not yet of-age,
He spoke in small religious meetings and
Ere long became well-known the country round,
As eloquent exceedingly. He had
Few equals anywhere in this respect.
His scholarly and thoughtful manner was
Adorn'd with earnestness and honesty
Of speech. He did not stab nor torment with
His tongue and rend the wounds he gave.
He dealt not in fantastic flights of words,

Nor in exaggerated rhetoric,
But won his way to favor where all failed,
For he carried the conscience of the crowd,
But tho' he speeches made in meetings and
Betimes adorn'd the pulpit of a friend,
He never thought to make it his life work,
But he look'd forward to the time when he
Should be a lawyer, read in legal lore.
While pushing on his studies in the College,
He studied law and was admitted to
The rank of an Attorney. When three years
Were spent at William's College, whither he
Had gone when he was able to enter
That Institution and matriculate.

The western carpenter and teacher met
With many shocks in the new sphere, in which
He enter'd now. Upon all sides he felt
The great superiority of all
The students who assembled there.
They had no awkward habits, and their speech
Was free from uncouth phrases and their clothes
Were not by village tailors made. Their free
Expenditure of cash contrasted great
With his unwilling parsimony. In
His warm and gen'rous heart these matters were
Not merely petty annoyances to him ;
They were a source of keenest anguish. But
He bore up bravely, held first place in class,
And after two more years of study bore
Full well his reputation for hard work
And sterling honesty, a first-class man.
He had now sav'd by jobbing, morn and eve,

Sufficient to defray all expenses
At College, when to it was added what
Kind Providence provided for his wants,
In this wise. A kind hearted gentleman,
Who had observed his progress and career,
Offer'd to lend him all he needed for
His course, to be advanc'd from time to time
As he requir'd it. Garfield on his part
Insured his life in favor of his friend
And, handing him the policy, told him
To take it. If he liv'd he'd pay him all
And, if he died, no loss should be incurr'd.
He ready was to start, but whither go ?
That was the query. He had written to
Brown, Yale, and William's Universities
And answer had from each. Short business notes.
But that from Williams College greatly pleas'd him,
For President Hopkins wrote, if he came
To Williams he would be happy to do
All he could for him. These were friendly words,
And they decided him to study there.
So when the three long terms were done, he bore
Away the prize of Metaphysics—one
Of highest honor in the College, and
Obtain'd his first degree. He is describ'd
By one who knew him at that early time,
As a tall, awkward youth, with a great shock
Of light hair, rising quite erect upon
His high, broad forehead, and with a visage
Kindly and thoughtful, and which show'd no trace
Of his long struggles with adversity.
His class-mates spoke of his prodigious and
Incessant industry and cordial ways,
And of his zest for all the physical

Pastimes and exercises of the students.
He then became distinguish'd in debate—
Most ready and effective of all those
Within the college walls. A specimen
Of what was his ability is told,
How when Charles Summer had been stricken down
In Senate Chamber by one Brooks, 'tis said
A student's indignation meeting met,
When the news came that the foul act was done.
Amongst the students, he attended it
And mounting the platform he forthwith spoke
The most impassion'd fervent speech e'er heard
Within old Williams. But ill news arriv'd.
• His bounteous friend became embarrass'd and
No longer could assist him ; so he wrote
To his good friend the Doctor, who had pass'd
So favorable a judgment on his powers
Five years before, who sent him what he ask'd
And offer'd to send more, if he should need it.
So Garfield drew on him occasionally,
Until he ended his collegiate course
At twenty-five. He graduated with
High honors, as I sang before, and all
He had was a few threadbare clothes,
His College text-books, his diploma and
Four hundred dollars debt and fifty more.
But being in good health, and lithe and strong
In mind and body, he was splendidly equipp'd
For entering on his life work, nor was long
In finding scope for his activities.
He was at once elected teacher of
Latin and Greek at Hiram. Poor and much
In debt the Institution was when he

Began his duties there. But he spent all
His energies in building it upon
A sure foundation. He became renown'd
As teacher far and wide, and students came
From ev'ry quarter, and the College throve.
The President of Williams College said
Long afterwards that Garfield's College life
Was perfect, pure and worthy eulogy.
"It was a noble College Life," he said,
"There were no silly tales about him told
Of meanness or low cunning. All was high
And noble and manly in his life. He gave
Sure promise then of what he would become
In after life when grappling with the world."
The learned President then volunteer'd
This sage remark :—"The youth who nobly goes
Thro' college course without exhibiting
One mean dishonest trait and then goes out
And lives in such a way as to impress
Mankind that he's been true in all places,
And at all times must be an honest man,
And overwhelming great the proof must be
To convince me that such a student has
Forsaken the right path he trod so long."
Thus he bore out the speech of Wellington
At Eton when he said, "The victory
Of Waterloo was won upon this ground !"

It was while teaching here he wedded her
Lucretia Randolph, who soon prov'd herself
A most efficient helpmate in his work,
In all his college duties. Hard he toil'd,
But could not have gone thro' half of his work

Without her aid and that of a good friend,
Almeda Booth, for at this very time
He lectur'd on Geology and held
Debates on subjects of great public worth,
Address'd large audiences on Sundays and
Heard recitations of six classes daily,
Besides attending to financial matters.
Thus busy was he, and besides all these
He studied for the Bar. Those noble women
Assisted him in all these studies and
This toil ; in all his speeches and lectures,
Ransack'd the library for matter for him,
Collected facts and mark'd the books to be
Referr'd to in the ev'ning, when he wrote
Out his discourse. 'Tis said that he display'd
Most striking literary abilities,
In this respect and many of his works
Evinc'd a wondrous mental calibre.
His mind retain'd and relish'd all he read,
And he read much. Omnivorous of books,
Of history and general literature,
He grew gigantic in his intellect.
All looked on him as marvellous in both
His industry and application, so
Much so, that ere one year went round
He was duly appointed President
Of Hiram Institution—which he held
Until the outbreak of the civil war.
The Institute soon felt his industry ;
It prosper'd very much and held high rank
Among the Western Colleges. 'Tis said
That he was also fond of exercise,
And would disport upon the green. Of fun

He had full share, and used to run upon
The grounds and croquet with his pupils.
He was a tall, strong man, but played not well—
He was so awkward in his way. But now
And then he'd win a game. He muff'd his ball
And regularly lost his bat. He was
Left handed too, which made him always seem
More awkward still and clumsier. But he
Was quick as flash and powerful. So all
Could understand how he had once acquir'd
The envied reputation of whipping
The drivers and boatmen on the canal,
And made himself the hero of that place
Some ten years earlier. He much endear'd
Himself in College to the youth he taught
He call'd them by their Christian names and kept
On most familiar terms with all of them.
With them he freely play'd. They on their part
When out of class were his associates,
And yet he was most strict. He enforc'd his rules
And bated not a jot in discipline.
He was most firm and yet affectionate
If he would speak to one reprovngly
He would so kindly take his arm and draw
The youth aside and reason with him and
His way of shaking hands was very strange,
In doing so he'd quietly twist the arm
And draw his friend close to him. In this way
He made him friends. This sympathetic mode
One secret was of his advancement great.
He lov'd to reach a helping hand to all
Deficient in their education, or
Their breeding, and would kindly talk to them

And try to raise their self-respect and lead
Them gently forward in their onward course.
He was a very close observer and
Encourag'd it in others. Hundreds heard
His wise suggestions, teachings, counsels and
Encouragements. He was a stimulus—
An inspiration to them. He did most
Inspire and encourage the young by his
Own native force of character and pow'r
Of intellect. His private life was spotless.
Malignity died in his presence and
Ne'er charged him with the taint of wrongfulness.
His great integrity unquestion'd was by all.
'Tis true he had warm feelings and fervid
Imagination and intense purpose,
By means of which his burning eloquence
Electrified the masses of mankind.
His public speeches and addresses on
Religious subjects and morality,
Did make him known extensively throughout
The district, where he was regarded as
A most respectable and leading man
Amid the stirring times before the war.
Before the war his thoughts and energies
Had been engrossed in his most useful work
As educator of the youth of his
Own land, but his political pulses
Began to beat when first he heard the news
Of Kansas and Nebraska legislation.
In it he saw the conflict of freedom
With slavery. Attemper'd as he was
He soon became involv'd and whirled into
The mighty conflict of the struggling nation.

That conflict was the birthday of the great
Republican party, whose aims appeal'd
To his manhood, his judgment, feelings and
Imagination. He at once enroll'd
Himself amongst the speakers and forthwith
Became its most effective advocate.
He knew that long familiarity
With traffic in the bodies and the souls
Of men, had paralysed the conscience of
A great part of his fellow citizens.
The baleful doctrine of State sovereignty
He felt had weaken'd all the noble strength
Of the National Government, and he
Beheld the grasping hand of slavery
Seiz'g the virgin territories of
The fertile West, and dragging them into
The den of brutal bondage. Then arose
The great Republican party, which drew
Its life out of the fires of liberty.
These fires which God had deeply kindled in
Each human heart and which may smoulder long,
Beneath the heaps of vulgar ignorance
And tyranny, but cannot be destroy'd.
The anti-slavery party rose to save
The country, and by it alone he thought
New territories might be kept secure
And not become new scenes of slavery
And thus be lost to freedom. Thus he felt
And thus he spoke. It was no wonder then
Republicans of Portage and Summit
Counties should fix on him their certain choice
As representative in the State Senate.
It was no wonder that young Garfield was

Elected by a large majority,
And tho' but eight and twenty years of age
Rank'd high as an extremely well inform'd
And powerful debator. When the South
Seceded from the North, his voice was heard
His words outspoken. Thus he was engag'd
When the hostilities began. 'Twas he,
Who, when the President did call for five
And seventy thousand men, sprang to his feet
Within the Senate Chamber and amidst
A wild tumult of acclamation mov'd
That twenty thousand troops and three millions
Of morey be the quota of the State.
So when the time to raise the troops came round
He was requested by the Governor
To take command of one of the Reg'ments,
Thus we behold him surely rising up,
By dint of his own worth and force of mind,
From low estate—working his weary way
Thro' all the diapason of the school
Thro' all the systems of philosophy,
Thro' all the subjects of morality,
Until we see him seated in the Senate
Of old Ohio and there making laws.
Now are we to behold him in a sphere
Both new and strange to him—a Colonel of
A Regiment enroll'd for active service,
For he accepted the command after
Mature deliberation. He went home
And taking in his hands the well-worn Book
His mother gave him when he left her home,
He ponder'd long and deeply. As he read
The sacred page he pray'd and then he thought

About his wife and child. Were he to fall
In battle, what should be their mournful fate.
Three thousand dollars only he had sav'd.
Could this support them? Then there dawn'd a light
Within his soul which said, "God will provide."
And thus it read: "God is our Refuge and
Our Strength, a very present help in trouble,
Therefore will not we fear, altho' the earth
Be mov'd and hills be hurl'd into the sea;
Tho' waters roar and lofty mountains shake,
Lash'd by the waves and by the tempest's rage.
Be still and know that I am God. The Lord
Of hosts is with us. He is our Refuge."
So he resign'd his situation in
The college, overturn'd his long life plans,
And dash'd his mother's fondest hopes which she
Had cherish'd long mid poverty and great
Privations, so that he might be a scholar
And himself worthy prove of her renowned
And honor'd family. But after the
First shock of surprise and of disappointment
She meekly wip'd her eyes and gently said
"You go, my son, your life belongs unto
Your country," and with this consent he went.

The Governor to him entrusted all
The military force which bravely held
Kentucky to her moorings in the Union,
He knew naught of the science of the sword
And only read of armies in his books.
Of the details of war he nothing knew,
In discipline he was the merest novice,
Yet he, by Buell, was selected for

A high command of warlike enterprise.
This Buell was one of the shrewdest men
And scientific in conducting war,
And he made choice of Garfield to work out
A military problem which has puzzled
The heads of greatest Generals, to wit :
How two small armies station'd far apart
Can come together in the very face
Of hostile foe twofold outnumb'ring both,
And strongly fortified within their works.
Yet he did solve this problem in the war
And made the most remarkable campaign
Of the great civil war. So said by all.

Late in the autumn of year sixty-one
By the assistance of some friends he rais'd
The noble forty-second Regiment
Of volunteers within his native State.
Assuming the command of this complete
And able Regiment, he brought it to
Camp Chase to be well drill'd. He studied hard
To master all the art and mystery
Of war himself and gave his men such aid
By way of discipline, and his example,
As made them well train'd, well affected men
Both towards him and their great country's cause.
For most effective service in the field
He instituted regimental drill,
Company, squad, skirmish and bayonet drill,
And kept his men at it from six to eight
Long hours per day until all did admit
That his was the best drilled regiment
In all the North. While thus he was employ'd
By Buell, he was suddenly order'd

To make a forward move to Catlettsburg,
Kentucky, by the way of Cincinnati—
A town located at the junction of
Big Sandy and Ohio rivers, and
Report immediately in person to
Head quarters, then at Louisville. He did
As order'd and was told by Buell that
He should be sent against General Marshall,
Of the Confederation, who had march'd
His hostile forces o'er the limits of
Eastern Kentucky from Virginia,
And had advanc'd to friendly Prestonburg,
Driving the Union forces on before
Him, for Marshall had enter'd the old State
By Pound Gap, and had fortified a strong
Position near Paintsville, and with his bands
Was affecting the whole Piedmont district,
Than Massachusetts larger far. It was
Peopled by twice two thousand negroes and
One hundred thousand whites, a hardy, brave
And rugged population ; who, few schools,
Less churches, and one newspaper did boast.
Amongst these simple people Marshall stood
Scatt'ring his firebrands and his orations
At ev'ry cross road ; falseiy told them that
Kentucky was clean swept out of the Union.

To Garfield was committed the great task
Of driving these incendiaries out,
Extinguishing the conflagration they
Had made, and thus reclaim the prostrate State.
Task difficult it was. To him who from
His youth had struggled hard with poverty
And adverse circumstances, and who had
Entirely trusted Providence to guard
Him, it was not so very difficult.

How many Marshall had in his command
Was yet unknown, but it was widely known
That he was gathering in an army of.
The country people and would soon have force
To hang on Buell's flank and keep him out
Of Tennessee ; or, if he did advance
Would fall upon his rear, while Beauregard
Met him in front, and he should be outdone.
Kentucky would be lost—the Union too
Be gone forever. God forbend the cause.
To check this dangerous advance, to meet
Marshall, a thorough, educated soldier ;
To rout the uncounted hordes he gather'd from
The country round. To oppose this mighty force,
The inexperienc'd Ohio Colonel
Was offer'd what ? Why, only twenty-five
Hundred men when all told, of whom eleven
Hundred men were in charge of Col'nel Cranor,
Station'd at Paris, five score miles away,
And all the intervening distance was
A hilly country quite impassable.
It was infested by Guerillas and
Largely unblest by a disloyal people.
Said Buell :—"See this is what you've to do.
Drive Marshall from Kentucky. You now see
How much depends upon your action. Go
To-quarters over night and hither come
At break of day and tell me how you'll act.

Returning to his lodgings, Garfield bought
A rough-made map of old Kentucky and,
Shutting himself within his room, he spent
Most of that night in studying the map,
And making notes of plans occurring to him
As feasible. Thus pass'd the night. At break

Of day his interview with Buell, his
Commanding officer, was one of great
And striking interest. The young man laid
His map and roughly outlin'd plan upon
The table and explain'd his mode of war.
The reticent old General listen'd to
His whole discourse and well digested plan,
Nor gave a look or word expressive of
His own opinion of it. He did speak
But now and then in a sententious way,
And disapprov'd not, nor did he approve.
But simply said, "Your orders will be sent
To you at six o'clock this evening." At
That hour the order came, organizing
The Eighteenth Brigade of the army of
Ohio, Col'nel Garfield to command
And with the order came a letter, writ
In Buell's own hand-writing, giving full
Directions for the ensuing campaign,
And recapitulating Garfield's plan
With very few modifications. Next
Day, he took leave of Buell, who thus spoke :
"You will be at so great a distance and
Communication will be difficult,
So I must trust all matters of detail
And much of this campaign to your discretion.
I hope to hear a good account of you."

Garfield set out at once for Catlettsburg,
And there arriv'd without the loss of time,
And found his Regiment had onward mov'd
Some eight and twenty miles up the Big Sandy.
A state of great alarm prevail'd throughout
The district, for the Fourteenth Regiment,
Which had been station'd at Louisa, had

Retreated hastily down to the mouth
Of the river only two days before,
Believing Marshall and his whole command
Was in pursuit to drive them from the State.
The Union citizens and families
Were making preparation to cross over
The river for their safety. When they saw
The safe arrival of the little army
A feeling of security return'd,
Which was increas'd when gladly they beheld
The Union troops push boldly to Louisa,
Without ev'n waiting for their Col'nel, who
Was hastening at that time to overtake them.
This was pursuant to his orders. He
Had telegraph'd them to move on and he
Would overtake them. Garfield kept his word.

Arriving at Louisa on the twenty-fourth,
Thenceforward he became chief actor in
A drama which, taking it all in all,
Surpasses ev'n the deeds of heroes old,
Whose names are famous in th' historic page.
He had two difficult feats to accomplish—
To hold communication with the twelve
Hundred in charge of Col'nel Cranor, while
The country intervening was o'errun
By roving armies of guerillas, and
By a disloyal people, and he had
To form a junction with that force, beneath
The very scowl of Marshall, who would try
To hinder such a movement. Both were feats
Most difficult, if not impossible.

The first thing to be done was to hunt up
Some true, trustworthy messenger to take

- Dispatches to and fro between himself
And Cranor. Col'nel Moore of the Fourteenth
Kentucky Regiment, well knew the man.
"Have you a man," asked Garfield, "who will die
Rather than fail, or than betray us?" The
Kentuckian thought but a moment and
Replied: "I think I have. John Jordan from
The head of Blaine." Jordan was sent for. He
A tall, gaunt, sallow fellow, thirty years
Of age, with small grey eyes of keenest glance,
A fine falsetto voice in minor key
And speech evincing, mountain dialect.
His face wore strange expressions beyond count,
And show'd a combination of cunning,
Simplicity, undaunted courage and
Undoubting faith. While he might pass for fool
Or simpleton, he had a wisdom which,
If cultur'd rightly, might have made him famous.
Him Garfield sounded thoroughly, for all—
The fate of all depended on his faith.
The man was true as steel. His open heart
Seem'd clear as crystal and this Garfield saw.
Jordan was born among the hills whose grass
Grows thin among the rocks—whose people poor
Have sharpen'd wits made keener by their toil
And poverty. He knew but little save
What he learn'd from the great book of nature
And from that other Book, yclept divine,
So he grew up a man of noble instincts
And capable of doing service to
The State. The following conversation then
Took place between him and his General:
"Why did you come into the war?" "I came to do

My sheer fur my deer kentry, Gin'ral, and
I didn't druv no bargin with the Lord
I guv my life squar' out and ef He is
A mind ter take it on this tramp, its His'n."
"You mean that you have come into this war
Expecting not to come out of it?" "That's
So, Gin'ral." "Will you rather die than let
Your commander's despatch be taken?" "Yes, I wull."

Then Garfield thought of Providence which holds
The sceptre of the world, and he made choicè.

"Sir, very well, I will confide in you!"
Said Garfield, who wrote his despatch on thin,
Light tissue paper, roll'd it up like ball,
Or bullet, and then coated it with lead
And put it in the hand of this strange man.
Besides he gave him a carbine, a brace
Of pistols and a fleetest horse. The moon
Went down, and off he rode by night upon
His perilous adventure. When day dawn'd
He hid in forests' depths till night—then on
Again until in safety he arriv'd
At Cranor's camp, who open'd the despatch.
Thus, Jordon, after some hair-breadth escapes
And some terrific clashes, kept his word.

The despatch told how Cranor was to move
His forces on to Prestonburg with all
Speed. At the dawn of day his army was
In motion. Jordan lay conceal'd till night
And then return'd in safety. Garfield gave
Command to his own army and they march'd
Forward with all rapidity—for time
To them was ev'rything, and need was great

On Garfield's side, when re-inforc'd by few.
Twenty-six hundred men were all he had
To fight the Union battle, Marshall had
Upon the other side, five thousand men
Who knew the country and its people well,
And daily was receiving new recruits.
For Garfield to move forward was a risk,
But forward he did move with only ten
Days' rations for his fourteen hundred men.
Toilsome and slow the march was at that time
The roads knee deep in mire. Five or six miles
A day was all the progress made. At length
They came within seven miles of Marshall's host
Where they slept soundly on the cold wet ground.

At midnight Garfield was awaken'd by
A man of very singular appearance,
Who urged immediate audience. "Back again?"
"Have you seen Cranor?" he inquired of him,
"Yes, Gin'ral; and he can't be mor'an two days
Behind me now." "God bless you, Jordan, you
Have done us greatest service," Garfield said.
"I thank ye, Gin'ral, that's more pay'n I thought
Of or expected," said the humble hero.

Next morning came an intercepted letter
From Marshall to his wife, which stated that
He had five thousand men, twelve pieces of
Artillery, and that he was daily
Expecting an attack by Garfield's men,
Who, he had ascertain'd, had a large force—
At least ten thousand men at his command!
He secretly put by the letter, and
Convened his officers and ask'd the question:

I wull,"

olds

Shall we move on or wait till Cranor come ?
And all said, " Wait," save one, who said " Move on
At once. Our fourteen hundred men can whip
Ten thousand base Confederates." Garfield
Reflected for a moment, then gave word—
" Well, forward 'tis !" And forward march'd the men.

Three sev'ral roads did lead to Marshall's host,
One to the east, one to the west, a third
Between the other two. All three were held
By hostile pickets, while a Reg'ment lay
At Paintville. Garfield to deceive the foe
As to his real strength and aims, order'd
A small detachment of his infantry
To march ahead and drive the pickets in
And after them move swiftly, as if to
Attack Paintville. Two hours thereafter, he
Sent off a like force on the western road
With the same orders. Two hours later on
He sent another body up the road
That lay between. The ruse succeeded well,
For Marshall first concluded that the foe
Was coming by the river road, so he
Dispatch'd a thousand men to drive him back,
Supported by a strong field battery.
In two hours more he heard still further news—
The foe was coming by the eastern road
So countermands his orders with all speed
To meet the unexpected danger there.
In two hours more the pickets were driv'n in
Along the central route by Union men,
Who finding Paintville left abandon'd, rushed
Precipitately on the fortified
Camp, and possession took of all it held.

Thus Marshall, seeing he had lost Paintville,
Withdrew the thousand men to camp, and left
The post for Garfield's occupation. Thus
Affairs stood on the eighth of January
When one of Marshall's spies arriv'd and told
Him false that Cranor's force, three thousand and
Three hundred strong, was distant but twelve miles.
On hearing this the foe consider'd that
He was outnumber'd, struck his camp and fled
Precipitately, burning and losing
Most of his vast supplies. Seeing the fires
Full blazing, Garfield mounted horse, and with
A thousand men enter'd th' abandon'd camp.
'Twas nine at night. He then sent off a force
To harrass their retreat, while he awaited
Cranor's arrival, when he meant to go
And offer Mashall battle at the dawn.
The morning light brought Cranor, but his men,
Footsore and hungry, bearing empty knapsacks,
Completely worn out with their miry march,
Could scarcely move one leg before another.

But Garfield saw the moment big with fate
Had come, and that delay was sure defeat
And orders gave to march. Seven hundred men
From his own Reg'ment, and four hundred from
Cranor's, were all that answer'd to the call;
The rest exhausted lay and could not move.

At noon upon the ninth, they march'd away
For Prestonburg, with cavalry ahead
To chase the foe, in his hurried retreat.
At nine that night the brave eleven hundred came
To Abbot's Creek, three miles from Prestonburg ;
While there he hears that Marshall is encamped

On the same little stream three miles above.
So he, throwing his men into bivouac,
Communicates with Shelden, in command
At Paintville, orders him to come along
And bring his whole army with haste to fight
The en'my in the morning. That whole night
He spent in learning all about the country
And how old Marshall had disposed his men.

That night a dozen of Confederates
Were grinding at a mill hard by the camp
And taken prisoners of war by a
Like number of the Union men. 'Twas said,
The miller was both tall and gaunt, and his
Long clothes well fitted Jordan, as his own.
He smear'd with flour his weird, cameleon face,
And look'd the miller every inch. Off then
He set for the Confederate camp. The night
Was dark and rainy, making danger less.
A midnight ramble brought him over all
The camp fires of the en'my, who had made
A stand upon a hill where he was posted.
The hill was semicircular in form,
And stood within the forks of Middle Creek.
There too an ambuscade was deftly laid
For Garfield. Both sides of the highway were
Bristling with cannon, which commanded all
The road, and which were hidden by the trees
And underbrush. Low there he laid in wait
To catch the Union Army. That dark night
Was rainy, and the earth was wet and cold,
On which reposed the wearied Union men.
A dense fog hid the moon and stars and all
The lonely hill was draped in pitchy darkness.

Cold swept the north wind driving blinding rain
Into the faces of the shiv'ring men.
And stirring the dark pines and making most
Sepulchral music mid the lofty boughs.
But the slow night at length departed and,
By Jordon's cunning, Garfield knew full well
Exactly how old Marshall plann'd his battle.

At four next morning all the Union men
Were roused from their damp earth beds, and cold
And hungry order'd to move forwards. They
Descended to the valley feeling at
Each step for tokens of the enemy.
About daybreak while passing round a hill
Which jutted o'er a valley the advance
Guard met a sudden check, for they were charg'd
Upon by cavalry in ambushade.
Forming his men into a hollow square,
He gave the foe a volley which sent him
Flying in wild confusion up the vale,
Save one who plung'd headway into the stream
And was captur'd. Soon it was evident
The main force of the enemy was close
At hand. So he forthwith prepar'd for battle.

It was a trying moment. He was met
By forces that greatly outnumber'd his.
How to dispose his men—where to attack—
These were the difficult problems he had
To solve. He lost no time by indecision.
He looked into the faces of his eleven
Hundred and read the secret of each heart.
Then went into the struggle. First he sent
His mounted escort of twelve men to make
A charge and draw the en'my's fire. This ruse

Work'd well. Just as the little squad went round
A curve they heard a shell burst at their feet
And the long roll of musketry chim'd in
Five thousand strong. The battle then began.
Eleven hundred weary, footsore, hungry men
Without one cannon charg'd along the hill—
O'er stumps and stones and fallen trees, and high
Intrenchments in the face of more than four
Times their own number, all which men were in
The best condition and prepar'd to fight.
They had twelve pieces of artillery
And ammunition for them in full store.
It was the plan of Marshall to destroy
The Union army by an ambuscade,
But Garfield acting with decision gave
His orders that a hundred trusty men,
Recruited from his College should attempt
To cross the stream and climb the bristling ridge
And bring on the whole battle. Boldly they
Into the creek did plunge up to their waists.
Thence up the rocky steeps by clinging to
The trees and underbrush. When half way up
Two thousand rifles open'd on them. On
They went fill'd with enthusiasm. They hid
From tree to tree and crag to crag until
They reach'd the summit where the earth was grey
With fierce Confederates, who rising from
Their ambush pour'd into the little band
A shower of bullets. Hesitating for
A moment all the undergraduates
Waver'd. Forthwith their leader cries aloud
"Betake yourselves to trees and rocks for shelter,
And give them good as they send us, my boys."

So dodging in the lee of oakes and maples,
They loaded rifles and return'd the fire.
Tho' ten to one, the contest was severe.
Exasperated by the northern bullets,
Which were sent up with deadly aim from trees
And brushes, all the Greys rush'd from their cover
And charg'd with bayonets the College youths
Slowly retreating down the hill. A cry
Is heard proceeding from their leader brave :
"Betake yourselves to trees and rock for shelter,
And give them good as they send us, my boys,
We may as well die here as in Ohio !"
To stumps and trees they go, and instantly
The advancing horde is check'd and then roll'd back.
Up go the undergraduates in full
Pursuit, and scores of Greys sprawl on the ground.
Now, Garfield from his post on neigh'oring hill
Observed the Greys retreating and sent forth
Five hundred troops to aid the little band.
Into the stream, then up the hill they rush.
But shot and shell and canister and the
Concentrated fire of four thousand rifles
Directed on our heroes made sad work.
"This will not do !" cries Garfield. "Who will take
The other mountain ?" "We will," bravely said
Col'nel Munroe, "For we well know the ground."
"Go in, then," Garfield cries, "And give them Hail
Columbia." On them Munroe flies and in
Less time than we can tell the tale, they were
Upon the enemy and target made
Of each grey head that slyly peep'd above
The rocks with their unerring rifles. Said
He : "Take aim, boys, and don't shoot till you see

Their eyes." The men obey as sure and cool
As at a rural turkey shooting match.
They bravely climb or leap the mountain side ;
Sometimes conceal'd by underbrush and trees
At length they reach the summit. Hand to hand
They fight in desperate encounter, till
O'erpower'd by numbers, they are driven down
The mountain side. Upon the hill above
Another cannon opens on them. Shot
And canister sing in the air. The whole
Reserve sends volley upon volley on their centre
Which is soon silenc'd ; but it soon resumes
Its deadly work. Then Garfield orders all
To scale the mountain, save one hundred men
To act a reserve. Then grew the battle
Terrific in its fierceness. All the ridge
Was crowded by Confederates. The white
Smoke curl'd in weird-like wreaths among the hills.
The sky was overcast with smoke. Five hours
The contest rag'd. Sometimes the Blues were driven
Then charging up the hill regain'd their ground.
And firing from the trees and rocks, they pour'd
Fourth murd'rous volleys ; then again were driv'n ;
Again renew'd the charge, strewing the ground
With dead and dying. Thus the bloody work
Went on. The battle waver'd till the sun
Wheeling beneath the hills retir'd to rest.
The last, taint. shimmering rays reflected light
From long lines of descending bay'nets. This
An awful moment was. Hereon did hang
The fate of fair Kentucky. At this crisis
Two figures stood against the purple sky,
Boldly defin'd in the foreground. The one

In Union blue with little band of men
About him. On a rock with bullets torn
He stood in full view of both armies ; he
With head uncover'd and hair streaming in
The wind and face upturn'd in solemn pray'r—
He pray'd that Sheldon and his little force
Might come with aid. Northward he turn'd his face
And his lip tighten'd as he doff'd his coat
And hung it on the branches of a tree,
And quickly spoke to his now wav'ring men,
"Come on, boys, we must give them Hail Columbia."

The other figure in Confederate grey,
Look'd through his glass a long and steady gaze
To northward. Quick he started, for he saw
Something which Garfield could not see, because
On lower ground. Wheeling his horse, he call'd
Retreat. The welcome sound was heard by all
From rocky summit to the deepest vale.
It was his last command. He fell and died.

The one in blue look'd to the north again
And saw the starry banner 'mid the trees,
Unfolded high and proudly floating there.
'Twas Sheldon and his re-inforcements fresh.
Along they came like wind. The air was fill'd
With shouting and the worn 'leven hundred caught
The strain and then, above the swift pursuit—
Above the lessening conflict and the boom
Of wheeling cannon, up went the huzzahs
Of victory. The gallant Garfield won
The day and roll'd disaster back. As they
Return'd from short pursuit, man after man,
He grasp'd them by the hand and said, "God bless
You, boys ! You've sav'd Kentucky," and at ten

O'clock that night he showed his officers
The intercepted letter. Then they first
Learn'd that they had defeated an entrench'd
Force of five thousand men supported by
Artillery, and that their leader knew
Full well the enemy's strength when he attack'd
Him with vastly inferior numbers and
They weary and footsore and nearly starv'd.

While this transpired, the President at home
In Washington, despaired of matters as
They pass'd along. Disaster had pursued
Disaster till the nation paralyzed,
Desponded. So that very night he sent
For General McDowell to advise
As to the crisis—the reverses great—
The Capitol beleagured—armies idle,
The North defeated and the South elated
And insolently sure of victory.
McDowell met the President and some
Of his high Cabinet at eight o'clock.
Lincoln was much disturb'd at the ill success
Of Northern armies in their short campaigns—
Spoke of the much exhausted treasury—
The loss of credit and the delicate
Relations of the foreign powers—the bad
News from the distant west—confusion all—
Particularly that of Missouri—
Of want of confidence in those of high
Command—of no co-operation due
Between Halleck and Buell—more than all
The illness of McClellan. Much he wish'd
To know about the army—what it meant
To do—and said if something was not soon

Done, the whole bottom would be out of the
Affair and, if McLellan did not want
To use the army, he would like to borrow
It for a time, provided he could see
How it could be compell'd to do something.
Little he thought that then, that very night,
The North had won a splendid victory.

Thus ended this unequal battle. It
Was the first wave of victory's tide that rais'd
The great Republic in the sand bar fixt
And floated her along to Richmond's capture.
When Lincoln heard of Garfield's victory,
He made remark to a distinguish'd man,
An army officer, who chanc'd to be
With him :—"Sir, why did Garfield do in two
Short weeks, what one of you would need two months
To do?" The officer replied : "Because
He was not educated at West Point."
"No," said the President, that is not so
At all. It was because, from his boyhood
He had to work for life or die." Upon
The frozen ground another night Garfield
Lay with his men and deeply ponder'd o'er
The situation. Marshall's forces were
Demoralized and broken and in full
Retreat. They might be overtaken and
Destroy'd. But his own men were nigh half dead
With hunger, great exposure and fatigue,
And had but two days' rations. So he thought
It best to rest in Prestonburg and wait
Supplies before making another move.

The rainy season had set in. The roads,
Impassable to all but horsemen were,
The river swollen much and dangerous,

Its rapid current, fill'd with floating logs
And upturn'd trees, was ruin to all boats.
But something must be done. To starve the men
By sheer inaction would be horrid crime.
So taking with him Brown, a comrade in
Canal-boat navigation in a skiff,
He floated down the river which was then
A raging torrent sixty feet in depth.
Swift onward flies the skiff past logs and trees,
Round jutting points and promontories bold.
Onwards they swept until they reach'd the mouth
Of the Big Sandy, where they found a steamer,
And, loading her with supplies for the army,
Resolv'd to force her up against the stream
And swift relief bring to his starving men.
But this the Captain said could not be done.
So Garfield order'd him and crew aboard,
Cast off the ropes and let her float at large.
He took the helm himself and steer'd against
The boiling current. At the bow stood Brown
With pike pole in his hand pushing aside
The vagrant logs and floating trees to let
The boat pass thro'. The river surg'd and boil'd
And whirl'd against the boat as if she were
A cockle shell. From stem to stern she shook
Throughout and with full head of steam
Could laboring only make three miles an hour.
At night the captain begg'd to tie her up
Till morning, for he fear'd the boat would sink.
But Brown cried out, "Jim, put the boat ahead."
And Garfield willingly obey'd. With hand
On helm, he drove her on thro' the dense night
And nearly stranded her. They came upon
A sudden bend, where the swift current form'd

A furious whirlpool which engulf'd the boat,
And, spinning her 'round like a top, drove her
High on a river bar. The mattocks were
Applied with vigor, excavations made
Around th' imbedded bow, and Brown forgot
Himself so far that he did utter oaths
Both coarse and deep, but still the boat was fixt.
All efforts unavailing were. Orders
Were given by Garfield to compel the boat
To move by force of cables. But the crew
Were all afraid to venture life upon
The stream when darkness reign'd supreme around.
Into a skiff he sprang and call'd on Brown
To follow, which he did and soon they reached
The other side and fasten'd lines to trees
To make a windless, by which means they warp'd
The steamer round and soon got her afloat.
For six and thirty hours they struggled on
Against the furious river. Garfield held
The helm himself. At length they rounded to
The Union camp and then went up a cheer
That might be heard afar. The hungry men
Frantic with joy welcom'd their lov'd commander
And were with extreme difficulty kept
From chairing him up to the Gen'ral's tent.

Their wants thus timely met, he set to work
To quiet the inhabitants around,
Who had been seiz'd with terror at the news
Of the great Union victory and fled
Their homes, abandoning their herds and flocks,
And hiding themselves in the forests dense.
Thus all the towns and villages around
Deserted were. So he a proclamation
Issued the foll'wing week, which greatly calmed

Their many groundless fears, and offer'd them
Protection, and this had th' effect desir'd.
Then came they out from all their hiding places
And flock'd about the Union camp in quest
Of bettering their circumstances. Then
Did Garfield send one Jenkins with a corps,
Consisting of one hundred men, to find
Out how the en'my stood, and all about him.
This man after some trouble ascertain'd
That Marshall was still in Kentucky and
Had fortified a strong position at
Pound Gap, whence swarms of fierce guerillas swept
The country side, robbing and murdering
Defenceless men and women and had made
An order for a grand muster of troops,
On the Confederate side hard by Pound Gap,
In order to expel the Union forces
Out of the country. Garfield was determin'd
To, once for all, forestall this bold attempt—
The intended gathering of hostile force,
Disperse the roaming swarms of wild guerillas
And thus restore peace to the troubled land.
So taking with him a few chosen men,
He set out for Pound Gap and in two days
Encamp'd with'n two miles of Marshall's host.
Having despatch'd a force of cavalry
T' engage th' attention of the foe, he led
His men high up the mountain side, at least
Two thousand feet, until they reach'd the crest—
A toilsome clamber over logs and rocks.
Then down the other side they quickly crept,
Thro' tangled thickets white with icicles,
O'er logs and rocks ice-coated and across

Deep chasms and gulleys frightful to be seen,
Until they saw themselves within a mile
Of the guerilla camp. Then on they press'd
At double quick. They heard a picket fire,
But they paid no attention to it but
Press'd forward down the steep declivities,
Across ravines and straight into the camp
Of the Confederates. At their wits end
The Greys broke off and wildly ran away
Amid the din and noise of cracking rifles.
Pursuit was useless. In the forest dense
They sought for shelter which was not denied,
For the loud bugle sounded the recall.

Then in less time than twenty minutes told
The enemy was routed utterly,
Leaving his camp and military stores
In Garfield's hands. That night he spent in camp
Of the Confederates, and was refreshed.
Next morning he committed to the flames
All he and his men could not carry off—
Return'd in safety to his welcome camp
Without the loss of ev'n a single man.
He having march'd some ninety miles in worst
Of weather with a mere handful of men
And carried a position almost deem'd
Impregnable, defended by a force
Superior far to his in numbers. Thus
Eastern Kentucky was rid of the rule
Of the unfortunate Confederation.

This was the only independent and
Supreme command by Garfield held. In it
He show'd himself possess'd of qualities
Which would have rank'd him side by side with men

Whose brows the victor's laurels have adorn'd.
No second place of honor would he take
Amongst America's most famous men.

When Buell heard the joyful news, straightway
He issued forth a gen'ral order to
His troops, in which he thank'd both Garfield and
His army for their very great success
In victories which call'd to action all
The highest qualities of soldier's skill
And fortitude, of courage and foresight.

In a few weeks he got promotion high—
Was made a Major-General—the same
To date from the great battle he had fought.
Thenceforward his military career
Was merg'd in that of a higher command—
The army of the Cumberland. He held
No separate command and hence are lost
The traces of his great ability,
Save when alluded to by other men
In complimentary terms. To him was due
More than to any other living man
The wonderful organization of
The army, which protected the South West.

He reach'd the battle field of bloody Shiloh
In time to share the glorious victory.
Thence was engaged round Corinth and with Buell
Was in the expedition thro' the North
Of Alabama, and thereafter he
Was sent north on sick leave, where he lay ill
For a long time. On h's recov'ry he
Found that he had been made a member of
The Fitz-John Porter Court Martial which lasted
Some five and forty days, in which his great

Abilities shone forth with brighter ray
As soldier and as lawyer, versed in all
The legal lore affecting soldier life.
Then Rosecrans appointed him his chief
Of staff, a post of honor very great.

About this time a fiendish project was
Discuss'd, to rouse the negro population
Against their masters in the South and end
The war by one terrific massacre.
It was approv'd by many Northern men
In high positions. But Lincoln oppos'd
The project as inhuman and unwise.
No abler advocate upon his side
Had he than General Garfield, who denounc'd
The scheme as most unciviliz'd, and was
Of greatest service to his Chief in time
Of need in stamping out the ill design.
And shortly after this he organiz'd
The Secret Service system of the army.
Thus Rosecrans knew perfectly the moves
And actions of the enemy and put
A stop to smuggling cotton thro' the lines.

In this he was oppos'd by menace, and
By bribes offer'd unblushingly. But he
Was proof against corruption. Had he done
As others did he might have made a fortune
Amounting up to millions, by merely
Shutting his eyes to traffic contraband.
But this his honest heart could never do,
For honor was to him dearer than life.

After the reorganization of
The army, which it took five months to do,
The General, Rosecrans, address'd letters

To each of his Commanding Generals
As to the advisability of moving
Forward at once against the enemy.
They all advis'd not to advance a step.
Then Rosecrans ask'd him to collate all
The answers and then give his own opinion.
This he did do forthwith, and his advice
Was to advance against the enemy.
This Rosecrans declared was what he meant
To do. So in short time the army was
In motion, and there hence ensued the great
Tullahoma campaign, well-known to fame.
Garfield's last service in the army was
At Chickamauga battle, where he sav'd
The Union army under General Thomas
From overwhelming ruin by his skill
And by phenomenal presence of mind.

Not long after this battle he was sent
To Congress by the Nineteenth District of
Ohio. President Lincoln and other
Distinguish'd men strongly advised him to
Accept the post thus offer'd him, as they
Assur'd him he was needed more as a
Statesman than as a warrior. He took
Time to consider well and acquiesced.

So he resign'd his rank as Major Gen'l
And took his seat. At once he was put on
The Military Committee, wherein
His great activity, military
Knowledge, industry and acquaintance with
The army's wants made him extremely useful.
This, with his brilliancy in keen debates,

Made him a very prominent statesman.
The power of his eloquence was like
That of a mighty torrent, sweeping all
Before it, for example : When a Bill
Was introduced to legalize a draft
Of three hundred and fifty thousand men,
It was oppos'd and voted down by an
Overwhelming majority, when he
Arose, and in a speech of thrilling power,
So far convinced the Congress he was right
That they, submissive, reconsider'd it,
And when the vote was taken it was pass'd
By acclamation, mingled with huzzas !

In the same way he vig'rously oppos'd
The Bill to recognize Confed'racy
By an oration of tremendous power,
Couch'd in most scathing terms against the man
Who dar'd to introduce the hated measure.

Nor ever shall to knell of time his speech
In New York be forgotten, when the news
Arrived that Lincoln was assassinated.
The crowd assembled with excitement wild—
A frown on every brow and teeth all clench'd—
A dark and murderous crowd it was. Men fear'd
That Broadway should that day be red with blood.
A voice like trumpet loud and clear was heard
Above the million voices, speaking forth,
"God reigneth and the great Republic lives,"
With magic pow'r this fell on every ear !
The spirit of revenge died out. The crowd
Dispers'd and peace was thus ensur'd around.
But who the speaker ? What strange pow'r had he
To quell the rising tempest of men's wrath ?

An hundred answers came, " 'Twas Garfield spoke."
Thus Providence prevented scenes of carnage
By sending to the spot, at the right time,
The right man who could sway men's minds at will,
As harvest fields are swayed by sweeping winds.

Next Garfield turn'd his thoughts to legal lore,
When peace had been restored and his first cause
Was in the Supreme Court, where he display'd
His vast research, acumen and rare skill
In argument. His success rais'd him high
In public estimation, as profound,
And deeply read in every branch of law.
Hence he had yearly five or six law briefs
In the Supreme Court, and received in fees
Three or four thousand dollars for each suit.
Along with this he was repeatedly
Re-elected to Congress, and there held
The most important trusts to the entire
And lasting satisfaction of all parties.

Thus time sped on and mighty changes came
Amongst the politicians prominent.
Some fell by subtle intrigue, others rose
Abruptly in the civic heroscope,
And thus amid the chaos of the strife
The strong surviv'd the weak. Those who were strong
In virtue's tenfold panoply arose ;
Those who were weak from lack of principle
Descended to the depth of the abyss
Of dark oblivion, and they left behind
A lurid streak of darkness visible
To warn mankind to shun their awful fate.
'Mid these upheavings one alone arose
Superior to all in attributes

Which make ideal man. The nation's voice
Invited him to place of highest trust—
No less a place than Presidential chair,
Which he accepted, trusting in the right,
That Providence would aid him in his charge,
And hoping that the common sense of men,
Upholding what is right and scorning wrong,
Would sympathize with him in all his effort
To steer the ship of state safe thro' the rocks
And shoals of foul corruption, till it spread
Its sails upon the rockless ocean of
That righteousness which doth alone exalt
A nation. Fair Columbia hail'd the day
When Garfield, by her sovereign choice, became
Chief Magistrate with more than kingly power.
And well it had been for her had he liv'd
To carry out his projected reforms,
Correcting all abuses and evils
Within the body politic, and to
Inaugurate a new and better life
Throughout the great Republic. But, alas !
The powers of evil raged and set themselves
Against the right and concentrating all
Their malice in one wicked wretch, compell'd
Him to commit a crime of deepest dye—
By vile assassination. Garfield fell
And then his really noble work was done.
Tho' stricken down by deadly bullet, yet
The martyr liv'd thro' eighty weary days
Before he died. No murmur or complaint
Escap'd his lips, tho' conscious all the while.
No hatred to his deadly enemies—
No thoughts reflecting on God's providence

Were harbor'd by him, or were e'er express'd
During his fearful sufferings. But calm
And peaceful, hopeful and benevolent,
He sank each day. The fifty millions read
The hourly bulletins with tearful eyes ;
The fifty millions hourly held their breath
In dread suspense to read each telegram ;
The fifty millions pray'd as ne'er before ;
Men to their Maker supplication made ;
Weeks pass'd and months, but still he lower sank.
Friendship, affection, love with science, hand
In hand, a loving circle made around
His couch. All hearts were sadly melted down
In pity for the dying man. Nor was
Compassion limited to metes and bounds,
But bursting all empiric barriers,
Spread like a deluge over many lands.
The great gigantic Northern power whose arms
Embrace a matchless space of territory—
Whose gardens are the Western prairies vast,
Whose waters are the mighty ocean lakes,
Fair Canada ! with all her loyal sons,
Sat pensive at the electric battery
And caught with trembling fingers all the news
About the dying President as it
Flew swifely by, and dropt a silent tear.

Nor less that august power across the sea,
Britania, the sad affliction felt.
Each day the news arriv'd, and all men felt
As if one of themselves were stricken down.
Ev'n the good Queen, God bless her ! oft enquir'd
Concerning him, and sent her loving message
Of tender sympathy to her who was

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Soon to become a widow too like her.

Thus many nations interested were,
Or more or less lamented the great loss
Columbia met with in her day of trouble.
Hundreds of millions heard th' afflicting news,
And sigh'd when they could nothing better do.

As time pass'd on the sufferer sank low.
All science could accomplish as in vain ;
All love could lavish on him brought no aid ;
A million hearths were into altars rear'd,
Where daily intercession to high Heaven
Was made to spare the nation's President.
Thousands of pulpits on each holy day
Besought sweet mercy to come down and save.
Millions of little children too were taught
In their sweet innocence to pray for him.
But all in vain ! Infinite Love knew best
What should be done, and so He sent from Heaven
An angel down to earth to escort the soul
Of this, the second martyr'd President,
Up to the portals of eternal day.
The messenger perform'd his task. A crown
Of light was gifted to the new-born saint,
And a sweet voice fell on his ravish'd ear
Saying, " Well done, thou good and faithful one,
Thou hast been faithful over few things, I
Will make thee ruler over many things ;
Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Great Republic preparation made
To fitly honor him, her fallen Chief.
To his own native State, Ohio, was
His lifeless body carried, and beneath

The smiling sod of Cleveland's cenetery
Deposited with due solemnity—
Befitting such occasion, there to lie
Until th' Archangel's trumpet call him forth,
New ris'n and cloth'd with immortality.
An hundred thousand human beings stood
Uncover'd 'round his grave, into which fell
A show'r of sweetest flowers from the hands
Of weepers, and not least conspicuous was
A beauteous wreath of costly flowers made
And placed upon the casket by the Queen
Of England's high command, Victoria !
A pretty tribute paid to manly worth.

Thus rests in peace all that remains on earth
Of James A. Garfield. But his influence
For good amongst his people shall not die.
Wherever the old English language shall
Be spoken, in both hemispheres shall be
The name of Garfield held in reverence,
And countless generations yet unborn
Shall emulate his spirit and career.
Like brilliant beacon on some headland bold,
His fame shall shine adown the stream of time,
And many time-toss'd spirits shall look up
And courage take anew, when they behold
The lambent flame, and grateful thank high Heaven
That such a man as James A. Garfield liv'd.

And now farewell, thou manly, noble spirit !
We thank thy Maker that thou once did'st live
And, by thy Christian life and death, uphold
The brotherhood of man and faith in God.

FINIS.

